Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee, harke you sir.

Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keep counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but she good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. Ia thousand times *Peter*.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She would be as swift in motion a
My words would bandie her to m
M. And his to me, but old folks
Vnwieldie, slowe, heauie, and pale

Enter Nurse

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse w
Hast thou met with him? send th
Nur. Peter stay at the gate.
Iu. Now good sweete *Nurse*, O
Though newes be sad, yet tell the
If good, thou shamest the musicke
By playing it to me, with so sower
Nur. I am a wearie, giue me lea
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaun
Iu. I would thou hadst my bon
Nay come I pray thee speake, goo
Nur. Iesu what haste, can you n
Do you not see that I am out of br
Iu. How art thou out of breath, w
To say to me, that thou art out of
The excuse that thou doest make in
Is longer then the tale thou doest e
Is thy newes good or bad? answer
Say either, and ile stay the circumst
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad
Nur. Well, you haue made a sim
how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no n
ter then any mans, yet his leg exce
and a foote and a body, though they
they are past compare: he is not the
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme:
God. What haue you dinde at home
Iu. No, no. But all this did I know
What sayes he of our marriage, wha
Nur. Lord how my head akes, wh
It beates as it would fall in twentiep

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.